

TROY HERALD

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26, 1873.

INFANTILE CONTRADICTIONS.

Mamma, how did baby find the right way from the angel's home? That summer day? Said little friend! At eventide, As he nestled close Down by my side.

Did God send her soul On a silver cloud? Did he call to you So very loud? Mine's a baby dear, For you to love, Coming down from heaven Like a gentle dove?

I think an angel Came just before, To show the baby Our papa's door. Oh say, mamma, dear, Did you hear her sing, And then let our Dear little baby in?

And did she have wings When she came that day, That you've taken off And put away? Did the angel tell you To lay them by. 'Till God should call her. Again on high?

If I hear him call her I'll quickly say, Dear Heavenly Father, Please let her stay! You've babies enough In your heaven above, And we've only one Little sister to love!

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest Where the sweet-wailing slingers slumber; But o'er their silent sisters' breast The wild flowers who will stoop to number? A few can touch the magic string, And noly fame is proud to win them; Alas, for those that never sing, But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone, Whose song has told their heart's sad story; Weep for the voiceless, who have known The cross, but not the crown of glory: Not where Leucadian breezes sweep O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow, But where the glistering night-dews weep On nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign, Save whitening lips and fading tresses, Till Death pours out his cordial wine, Slow-dropped from misery's crushing press! If singing breath or echoing chord To every hidden pang were given, What endless melodies were poured, As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

—O. W. HOLMES.

A LIVING LOVE.

BY NANNIE A. HEPPWORTH.

A bright room made brighter still by the light of an open fire. My reader's imagination may not cover the floor with Brussels nor the furniture with damask; for I shall picture Margaret Woodward's sitting-room just as it appeared that winter night, very humble but full of a love and warmth that were felt as soon as the foot crossed the door-mat. That certainly was a rag carpet; one thought how comfortable and clean it looked, conscious that the eye did not weary in watching luminous diamonds or become dazzled by gazing at glaring bouquets. It might readily be guessed that somebody who knew what tired heads needed had arranged the pillows of the low lounge, encasing them in soft, cool linen. Instead of the customary worsted work that is enough to put to flight the mere idea of sleep; the same somebody must have draped those pretty chintz curtains, giving them the grace of a woman's touch. There were pictures on the wall; none of them costly, yet an evident taste was shown in the selection of the chromos and simpler photographs—little treasures that somebody owned and loved. What delicate, tender thought had made sweet Evangeline look sweeter and sadder than ever beneath that trailing moss! While directly opposite the face of Dickens seemed to lighten with one of his genial smiles, as if to thank the love which held him in remembrance by crowning his head with the gayest autumn leaves! Around an engraving twined a luxuriant ivy plant; over another drooped feathery grasses, and vases of pressed ferns cast fairy shadows behind them. A small book-case contained the only expensive article to be seen; choice volumes that had been handled—used but not abused.

A pleasant room at any time; perhaps made more so by the light of the study lamp and the open fire already kindled. Of little use was the dressing-table, for the best magazine lay open on the table, and by its side the new work-basket stood undisturbed. Margaret Woodward was an industrious woman. She had

needed to be, and for so many evenings it had been her habit to sit by the needle while her companion talked or read aloud; sometimes brought his law-books for study, growing stronger in her cheerful presence, and by it better fitted to meet the task he had undertaken.

A year previous, when she gave her heart and hand in betrothal to Roger Ford, love-like, he wanted her all to himself; then she said: "Nay, Roger, come when you will to our home, its door will ever be open to you; but you know my life is a busy one, and because now I am so rich in having you, I cannot neglect others. There is hard work before you, and it would indeed be sad if I should prove a hindrance. I have brother Will to do for; he is ready to enter college, and my energy must be redoubled. We join hearts now, dear, for mutual help as truly as though we uttered the marriage vow, and neither of us will keep the other from treading the path of duty. Why, Roger, I think, instead, it will always be treading the path together; don't you?"

Thus it came to pass that the young lawyer found his way to the cottage every evening. Sometimes he aided Will with his lessons while Margaret attended to her household arrangements, for she was her own servant; sometimes when her cheeks were flushed from teaching, and she returned refreshed, saying, as they entered the gate: "O how kind you are! I'm so glad to have somebody to care for me!"

Then they went into the cozy sitting-room, where the large arm-chair waited for Roger and the low rocker for Margaret. The winter evening gave two hours toward work, and often a pair of brown eyes grew moist with quiet, happy tears when they looked up to rest upon the handsome face opposite, bent so earnestly over the papers that would some day purchase the little home the lovers had already built in fancy.

Occasionally, too, Margaret lent her bold penmanship to assist Roger in copying, and then the following day her school-room wore a brighter aspect as she recalled his thanks: "The bravest little woman I ever knew!"

But the law-books did not always cover the table; many an evening found their owner reading aloud or talking earnestly of plans for the future. Once in awhile he did wish that work-basket, dainty though it was, might not sit so conspicuous a place, yet he remembered how every stitch counted so much toward Will's education—for Margaret, not ashamed to do anything honorable, occupied her spare moments in sewing—and he blessed the fingers that wrought such wonders, feeling proud that his was the right to help them. The right, too, he claimed to rest them when the clock struck half-past nine, and she never remonstrated then, because she said that she liked to know that somebody cared for her—patient Margaret! Who all her life had cared for others.

Of course the neighbors gossiped; thought it very improper for Roger to spend every evening at the cottage. Miss Primpsey knew he did—had she not watched to see? and for her part, she marveled that Godfrey Woodward didn't rise from his grave to reprimand his daughter for wasting so much time and she a poor girl, too! Perhaps because Godfrey did not do any such thing, Miss Primpsey felt it her solemn duty to do it for him; and after making a call upon Margaret for that identical purpose, flattered herself that her words had produced some effect—her hearer had turned pale and made no reply. Indeed the interested lady expected (as the immediate result of her advice) that Roger would make his visits less frequent; at any rate she was "going to see," and next night walked up and down the opposite side of the street, when, lo! at the accustomed hour, the tall form of the law student entered the gate, and Margaret opened the door as if watching for him.

Miss Primpsey was vexed enough; she had already exulted in the prospect of proclaiming how she "just saved that poor, dear Margaret's reputation by her warning counsel." Well, if debarred from enlarging upon one thing, she would find another; and up and down that pavement she still walked, hoping, as Roger was in, he would remain sufficiently long for her to report the late hour of his departure; but again she was disappointed—the clock sounded ten, the door opened, and the frosty air bore to her listening ear the happy "good-night" of the lovers.

Roger, happening to overtake Miss Primpsey, remarked that it was late for her to be out alone, and offering her his arm, smiled as he guessed somewhat of her "trifling errand," for he had received a full account of her call and its mission.

Possibly the chill which kept her in bed the next few days led her to the conclusion that it did not pay to watch people's front doors when there was nothing to see; at least it gave Margaret the opportunity of carrying to her some of the delicacies which she was ever ready to prepare for the sick.

So a year had passed. Will had been started to college with an increasing ambition to be a partner of

Roger's some day, when Margaret should keep the home for them all and never teach school any more. One full year, then came the night with which our story opened, and many a night had come, bringing Roger.

It might have been the whistling wind that caused Margaret to shudder as she drew the chairs to their wonted places, or the sound of sleet against the window pane; certain it was that she brushed away a tear, while she made the fire blaze, saying: "It shall look pleasant for him, and I, too, will be bright;" then hearing the lifting of the gate-latch, sprang to the door ere he reached it.

He stood warming his hands and she took the work-basket as though she would put it away, but he prevented her.

"No, Margaret, leave it there. I love its very sight, speaking of the happy hours when my dear girl has encouraged me by her example. I think if I could have that basket always near me I might bear the pain better."

On the little bench at his side knelt Margaret, and for a few moments each was silent, struggling with some inward suffering plainly visible on either face. He was first to break it. "I cannot bear it!" he exclaimed passionately.

"Why, it won't be long Roger; I shall write you often, and if God will, a twelve month from to-night we will be together again;" and such a cheery face was raised toward him. "I have rented one room to old Mrs. Hart that I may not be alone in the house. I am so glad you have the chance to finish your last year with Lawyer Channing; the time will be gone ere you know it, and—*it might be very much harder than it is. We have a great deal to be thankful for, Roger.*"

"I wish I could see it as you do, but must confess I cannot be thankful for a whole year's separation. Will you love me just as well when I come back? Can you trust me through it all?"

Over her features there flitted a pained expression—it was gone when she answered: "I do not doubt where I love! Were you leaving for twenty years instead of one, returning you should find me yours. There is one who claims my highest love; because true to him, I shall be the truer to you."

Could she say more? and yet there was only a slight response to the closer clasp which her hand gave him. Brave Margaret! what a pretty picture she drew of their future; what words of hope and comfort fell from her lips all the evening, while the burden of her parting song was: "It won't be long, dear, and then, always together!"

And he, with the shadow on his brow and the deeper shadow in his heart, kept murmuring: "Tis not so hard for her as me, else she would show it more." For he recollected what Charlie Maynard had told him that week; how his girl nearly broke her heart when he went away for a month; how she declared it would kill her, and did actually faint when he bade her good-by. And here was Margaret brighter than usual! Why, he had dreaded that last evening—almost hoped she would feel so badly as to make him relinquish his purpose. She did not look like dying with such a glow in her eyes, and he had expected to see them heavy with tears all the evening.

Ah, Roger Ford! You will yet learn to give thanks that when you were weak the woman at your side could be strong; to bless the eyes that met yours so steadily; to know the worth of the heart that can sing even under a cloud.

Standing on the threshold where so many "good-nights" had been spoken, Margaret's hand did not shake as she gave him a parcel. "Only some little things you'll need," she whispered, and her voice quivered a trifle when she said: "God bless thee, my beloved!"

Out into the storm he went, but lingering at the gate turned and saw in the doorway a face whose every line was lighted with the love which would live for him even through death.

Not hard for her? the flame of the study-lamp flickered, flickered till it died, all unknown to Margaret; the fire in the grate burned low, and it made no difference to the one occupant of the room, as she crouched on the bench, burying her head in the arm-chair—for there were tears then in the brown eyes, there was agony in the tender heart left peculiarly alone. Thus has many a woman borne in secret the individual sorrow, that she might not add to the care of lover or husband one word or look which would make him falter, and grown strong in her enduring resolve to be brave for his sake!

One year! and in Lawyer Channing's study sits Roger Ford. The morning paper has fallen at his side, and on the table lies the mail, but the letters remain unnoticed, for he is solving a question that must be answered ere he leaves that room.

From his pocket he takes a tiny white glove; very small it looks across his broad palm. He lives over the hours of the previous evening; is again in the parlors surrounded by the youth and beauty among which he has so frequently mingled during the

winter; is once more at the side of the pretty Sophie Channing, turning her music sheet, dancing with her, holding her bouquet (his gift); and now, he forgets the throng around them and is talking of "going away;" his year is completed, and in her father's house he spends his last week, a guest. It may be emotion which causes the belle to bend her head, certainly the little gloved hand trembles over his arm, her voice lowers as she laments his departure: "It will be terribly lonely, and she will miss him awfully. Oh! she does not believe in remembrances or promises—out of sight, out of mind." So she is extremely pensive during the remainder of the evening, and he is just saying "Sophie," when some one claims her for a walk, and Roger realizes how far he has gone.

That night he spies the tiny glove on the stairs, and can he do more than pick it up? He wipes his heated brow, and in so doing notices the name, and he recollects that it is exactly a year since that small parcel was slipped into his hand. How like Margaret the neat hemming and delicate marking! Somehow those two souvenirs went into different pockets, and all that night in vain he witnessed a most confused conflict between white handkerchief and soiled gloves. Probably with the dawning of light the former would have won the victory, if in going down to breakfast Roger had not seen Sophie appearing prettier than ever in the midst of her company; and so in her father's study he sat dreaming as other men have dreamt, away from the moment by a subtle influence which some trivial incident shall dispel.

There was a conversation in the adjoining parlor, and he heard his name. Could that voice be Sophie's? those words hers?

"O he's just as foolish as the rest! Why, my dear, I like Mr. Ford well enough, and papa thinks he's perfect. I might possibly spend the end of my days with him, providing he'd let me do as I pleased, if it were not for an ancient mother and a veritable old maid of a sister that he's got to take care of; and they'd be overlastingly hanging around, for he adores them. Of course he's in love with me, and actually thought I meant what I said last night. Yes, I've had my fun!"

What a laugh followed the heartless words! the laugh which Roger had thought so musical.

It was sufficient; for the first and last time in his life he despised himself. From the letters at his side he selected the one that had never failed to come through all the weeks of that year—a quiet, happy letter telling of the welcome awaiting him—and O how full of true love it was! Would Margaret have spoken so of his mother and sister? No!

Very long seemed the journey home. It was home where Margaret was, and he would go to her.

Once more the fire burns brightly in the little sitting-room; the clock which has chimed the flight of so many lonely hours is covered with scarlet bitter-sweet berries. How beautiful they are against the black marble!

There stands the low rocker, and the light of the study-lamp falls on the same worn work-basket. The arm-chair is no longer vacant, while on Roger rests no shadow, for in his heart there reigns the sunshine of love.

He tells all to Margaret, even making her smile over the battle of handkerchiefs and gloves.

True Margaret! for though she has heard of Roger's attention to Lawyer Channing's daughter, she has trusted him; and looking down in her face—plain to every one else—he thinks it glorious to-night.

Now she says: "Roger, before Will comes in, I've a surprise for you. Poor old Mrs. Hart has gone to her last home; I've taken her room and fitted up my larger one for your mother and mine. Since your father's death they have been alone, and as soon as you can go for them (to-morrow I'll spare you, dear) I want them here. It has given me sweet joy to do this for you. Henceforth 'thy people shall be my people, thy God my God.'"

Well for us, my reader, if with Roger Ford we have learned this lesson—that the truest proof of love is not in dying, but in living and doing for the dear one.—*Hearth and Home.*

Quite an amusing incident occurred yesterday on one of our street car lines. The car was quite full, and among the passengers were two well-dressed and well-behaved young colored ladies, each having with her a little colored girl seemingly about three years of age. Sitting next its mother was one of the colored children, and next to her sat a very expensively-dressed young lady, who also had with her a little girl about the same age as the colored children. The car had hardly left Fourth street when a richly-dressed gentleman entered the car, and glancing around, recognized the young lady. Compliments were exchanged and Augustus, desirous of sitting beside his female friend, took the occasion and the liberty to relieve the little colored girl of her seat, and put her down upon the floor of the car without as much of an excuse as "by your leave." The countenance of the young mother of the child showed but too plain that she did not relish the proceeding, but she said nothing. Augustus was pleased; and to make his happiness more complete, he kindly provided the little girl which accompanied the young lady at his side with a seat on his lap. Her he embraced, chatted to and petted, until the notice of those in the car was attracted. The girl seemed to tire of Augustus' assiduous attentions, and at a favorable opportunity slipped down upon the floor and out into the centre of the car. Quick as thought the little colored child was pushed by its mother between the extended limbs of Augustus, and the poor innocent fellow, thinking, perhaps that the little favorite of his companion had returned, absent-mindedly lifted the colored child upon his lap, not noticing the exchange. The situation can better be imagined than described. There sat the elegant Augustus chatting merrily to his companion, his arm encircled lovingly about the little colored girl, who looked up into his face with round-eyed wonder. Everybody in the car was convulsed with the laughter they did not care to suppress. Augustus was nonplussed. He could see nothing to laugh about, and for a moment was totally at a loss for the occasion of the merriment. Soon, however, he saw standing in the centre of the car the self-same little girl which he supposed he had upon his lap, and he gazed with a horror-stricken countenance upon the face of the little innocent whom he had had there. A rippling laugh from the lips of his companion called the simple wretch to his senses, and amid the laughter of the crowd he made a hurried exit from a scene too ridiculous for his sensitive nerves to bear. —*St. Louis Republican.*

"OWL" RUSSELL.—Not long since died the Colonel Russell known in the southwest as "Owl Russell" who was once Henry Clay's private secretary. He was a man of intense egotism, whose chief object in life was to be admired and notorious. Years and years ago, while in the Missouri Legislature, he got the sobriquet which clung to him all the rest of his life, and actually carried him out of his political career. It was during a violent debate in which he had shown an absurd pomposity that one of his political comrades rose and quietly told a little story. He said that one night Russell, while traveling through the woods, lost his way, and being a stranger in that part of the country, became rather nervous. While in this sorry plight he suddenly heard a voice not far away calling out: "Who, who, who are you?" The answer was loud and prompt, "I am Col. William H. Russell, for many years a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, was school commissioner for the Southern district of Kentucky, am now the representative of Callaway county in the Missouri Legislature, am spoken of as the Whig candidate for next Congress, and am lost. Who are you?" Of course the question was repeated, and the answer was again returned with all its linked dignity until the audience screamed with laughter and greeted poor Russell whenever he dared to rise with "Who, who, who are you?" And so he got the name of "Owl Russell."

The Spaniards are said to have a proverb which reads, "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty to her equal; but at thirty to anybody who will have her."

The colored Baptists of the Southern states have resolved to practice "feet washing" as a token of humanity and love for one another. Whatever the object, the result will probably be beneficial.

A Young lady, in conversing with a gentleman, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yes—part of the time," responded the lady.

A patient who called upon a spiritual medium in an Illinois town the other day, for advice about the rheumatism, was somewhat startled on being told that the disease would soon leave him. "But," he protested, "because that happened to be a patent copy, I was sent to him by a grateful country